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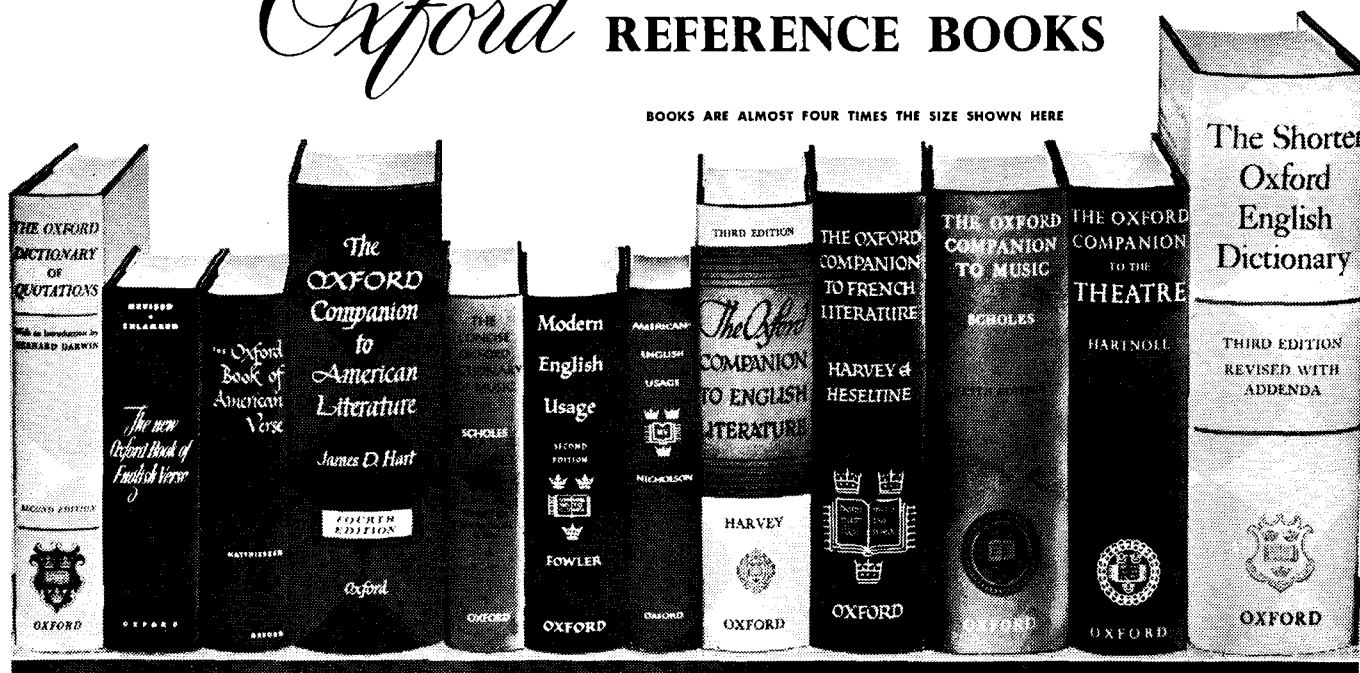
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Requiem for Liberals?

★ Two years ago the voters elected one of the most liberal Congresses in American history. It was one of the great landslides of this century. It was one of the few that resulted in a major shift of the balance of power in the House. With the aid of Goldwater, a House that had been closely divided on a backlog of basic liberal measures emerged with a clear majority for the President's program. Congress enacted a social revolution.

We shall look back to this 89th Congress for a generation. For we are now sadly saying good-by to it. We see no sign that it will be continued. We are going back to normal times: a shifting balance between liberals and a GOP-Southern coalition.

Let us consider for a minute the last two years. Democrats won 40 House seats, lost 10 seats, made a net gain of 38. But this isn't the whole story. The new Democrats were liberals. The great majority of the defeated Republicans were conservatives. In all, 40 Republicans with ratings by Americans for Democratic Action of under 20 - i.e., ultra conservatives - were dropped. Even the scattered Democratic losses aided the liberals - 4 of the 6 seats lost in Alabama, for example, were conservatives. For one of the rare times in history a President had an absolute majority for liberal measures in Congress, making possible the enactment of a magnificent program. A study of 12 selected Great Society rollcalls in 1965 showed that of all new Democrats, 89 percent supported Johnson; from the North alone the record was 95 percent.

Party labels are deceptive. In this instance the decisive factor was the new

members. Take Medicare. Republicans made a motion to recommit (kill) it, April 8, 1965; it lost 191-236. Forty-six of the 48 Democrats who replaced Republicans in 1964 opposed the GOP resolution. They saved Medicare. And so on and on. Theoretically Mr. Johnson had a 2-to-1 majority. Actually his effective majority was 35 to 45 seats.

We think a lovely era is passing. Here are some of the reasons:

Mr. Johnson in 1964 brought in a big coat-tail vote: Democrats won 61 House seats by less than 55 percent, including 37 seats by an eyelash margin of less than 52.5 percent. The Democrats are extremely vulnerable.

Democrats, too, are bucking the traditional recovery of the "out" party at midterm. (See our March 12 column.) Here's the House record for the last 7 midterm elections. In each case "outs" recovered seats at off years.

Year	"Out"	Gain
1938	R	80
1942	R	47
1946	R	56
1950	R	28
1954	D	19
1958	D	49
1962	R	4
		—
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The only exception to this in modern times was 1934. The FDR whirlwind was still blowing and the "outs" (Republicans) lost 14 seats. But for practical purposes, if the GOP doesn't regain around 40 seats this year it will have suffered a technical defeat.

After the 1920 Harding landslide the Democrats regained 75 seats at midterm; after the 1936 FDR landslide the Republicans bounced back with 80 seats in 1938. In other words, the "outs" make a bigger-than-normal recovery after a landslide.

However there is one other little point. There is a remarkably constant ratio of around 60-40 between Democratic and Republican partisans. People who identify themselves as "Democrats" outnumber "Republicans." Unfortunately for Mr. Johnson, Democrats aren't very good voters. They forget to register and so on. The effective majority has been closer to 54 percent. And at the off-year, midterm election the national vote is at least a quarter less

than at the presidential election. Frightened conservatives keep on voting.

That's the statistical story. We expect on the day after election every columnist in the country to attribute Democratic defeats to a different cause: Vietnam, inflation, racial tension, what not. We think a lot of this will be bunk. Maybe we are wrong, but we see no one issue dominating the voters so far.

We see this election developing on localisms, with a little extra GOP bounce-back now, because of their debacle two years ago. The sad thing is that the victim, we think, will be the liberal class of 1964 - a very wonderful group. We find little realization among trade unionists and divided liberals in the country of the tremendous stake involved. This is a requiem for liberals.

President's Outing

★ We got out with Mr. Johnson on his weekend Eastern swing. It was great fun at FDR's old home at Campobello Island, with Lester Pearson, Canadian police, a bagpipe band, sea gulls, lobster dories, Passamaquoddy and the famous cottage. It was all right except we kept expecting the red-coated Mounties to march down, front and center, and burst into "Rose Marie, I Love You!"

Mr. Johnson, humiliated in turn by management, labor and the banks, flung himself on the Buffalo, Syracuse crowds. He was a parolee out of the White House prison, grabbing hands over airport fences, going down the joyous lines with an overhand stroke arm over arm, something almost sensual in his satisfaction. On this trip, anyway, he controlled his jibes at Vietnam critics. Instead of being a "dictator" here was a man at the moment at least beset with rising prices and falling popularity ratings, needing reassurance. Before him loomed a prospective GOP midterm "victory." Bobby Kennedy was on the platform in New York and got the big cheer and the squeals; LBJ got moderate presidential applause.

It was an unexpected idea, the thought of Mr. Johnson as underdog! Mr. Johnson is trying to do something no President has done successfully so far in this century, intervene in an off-year election. Wilson, FDR, Truman, Ike, all tried it; none succeeded.

Peking Opera

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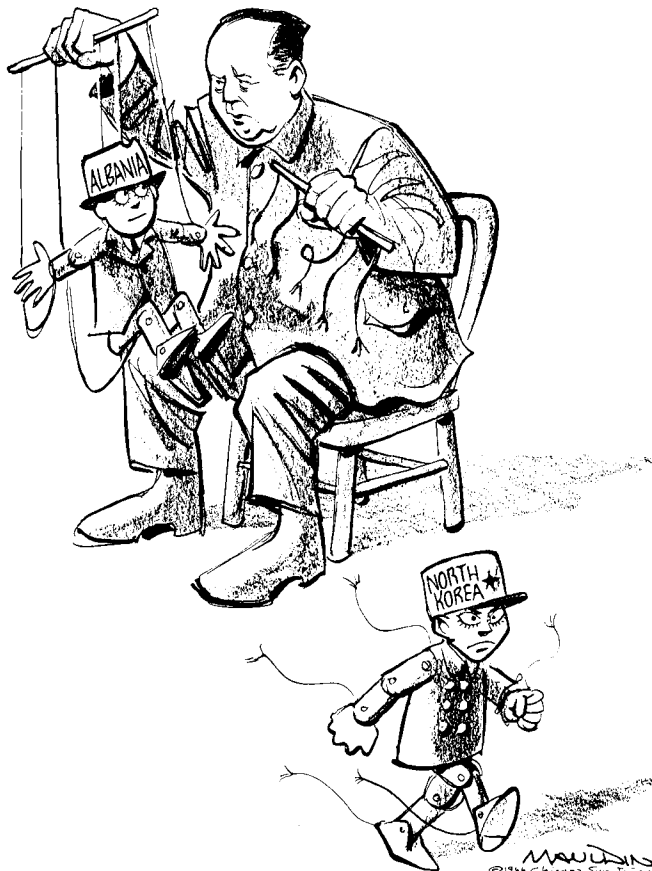
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What's happening in China isn't likely to have much immediate effect on the Vietnam war. The inner meaning of events in Peking seems to be that the Chinese leadership has renewed and strengthened a resolve to see the war continue to the last Vietnamese, in order to punish and weaken the American imperialists. The willingness of this country's leadership to fight a debilitating land war in Asia therefore suits Peking's book perfectly. The war may drag on until the Vietnamese themselves (both sides) decide that they will no longer fill the roles of chief martyrs.

They just might. For some time the Vietnamese armies of Saigon have been letting the Americans, Australians and others bear the brunt of the fighting in the South. This month's elections, no matter how rigged, may throw fresh light on South Vietnam's war weariness. The Viet Cong have also tended to lean more on their North Vietnamese backers; and North Vietnam, being heavily dependent on both China and Russia, must be embarrassed by Peking's latest edict that "united action with the revisionists is impossible," in Vietnam or anywhere. The revisionists of course are the Russians and the Peking decree has already proved too much for the communist government of North Korea to swallow; it formally declared its independence of both Moscow and Peking, but said that "revolution can neither be exported nor imported," which is sheer revisionism endorsed by Moscow. The Japanese Communist Party went along with North Korea. How long before Hanoi too decides to cut ties with Peking?

Peking's reaffirmed anti-Soviet line and silly purge of top leaders as "revisionists" is fast isolating China in the communist world. The Chinese defense minister, Lin Piao, now stands next in line to Mao Tse-tung, but to become number two he had to disgrace the army chief of staff, Lo Jui-ching, and other powerful generals who apparently wanted a rapprochement with Russia. Now they are in eclipse; nevertheless China's soldiers may be said to have won a round in their battle with the commissars, for the army has been raised several notches, and Lin Piao won't always command it. Lin Piao is a fervent believer in guerrilla warfare and all generals not yet purged presumably will now have to pay loud lip service to his and Mao Tse-tung's military genius; but will they really cease to hanker after Soviet military hardware? The reshuffled Peking leadership may be isolating itself inside China as well as isolating China from other nations. Students who at a nod from the government ran amok against "revisionist" professors

and others can go into reverse fast when the army winks, as Indonesia recently showed. Chinese farming and industry are both doing badly, at least compared with boasted targets. If the new "communist bourgeoisie" in East Europe looks down its nose nowadays at the relatively shabby Russians, the chilling fact about Russia for the Chinese is that they are already too far behind the Russians to catch up – without massive external help. That is a fact for North Vietnam to consider also. Lin Piao says that "the people in other parts of the world will see . . . that what the Vietnamese people can do, they can do too." The *People's Daily* commands: "Let the revolutionary flames of armed struggle burn ever higher on the soil of Thailand." But the audience for Peking opera seems to be dwindling. Chinese communism as it is now being practiced in Peking isn't the wave of the future in Asia, and chances are all against "the people in other parts of the world" heeding Lin Piao's advice to turn their countries into Vietnams. What has hitherto given Peking's propaganda more credence in Asia than it deserved has been bad government in places like Saigon and Bangkok. That was a wrong reason for massive American military involvement in support of such governments in small, poorly managed Asian countries. It still is.



"... And I'm not too sure about thee."

How Do You Fight It?

Older readers may remember the War on Poverty, which was fought briefly and sporadically on several fronts during the mid-1960's. One of the most furious battles was also one of the last: the campaign to save the Child Development Group of Mississippi from politics, parsimony, racism, and bureaucracy.

CDGM was created in the summer of 1965 as a combination Head Start preschool system and community action program in 20 Mississippi counties. From the very beginning it was clear that CDGM was serious about "involvement of the poor" – so much so, in fact, that it began to worry the Office of Economic Opportunity. OEO knows the difference between rhetoric and reality: the "maximum feasible" extent that the poor may participate is far short of the point that they can cause trouble for the local power structure.

All summer long, an energetic but amateur CDGM staff struggled under intolerable conditions: the hostility of local politicians, threats from Mississippi whites, bureaucratic blockheadedness in Washington, makeshift facilities, and utterly untrained employees. At one point (NR, August 21, 1965), the OEO tried to emasculate the program, but somehow CDGM lasted out the month. An application for refunding in the fall was not greeted with much enthusiasm in Washington, but after six months of lobbying – culminating in demonstrations by busloads of poor Mississippi Negroes roaming the streets and buildings of the capital – CDGM got a six-months' grant of \$5.6 million.

This summer's program was bigger and better. In all, 9,135 children attended 121 preschools in 28 counties. But the real genius of the program – which may prove to be its downfall – is that CDGM has provided much more than preschooling. It has brought rural Negro sharecroppers and town-dwellers into effective organizations; for the first time in their lives, they are doing things themselves – running schools, handling sizable sums of money, administering offices, and training others. For most of them, it has been the first opportunity to be in *control*, and the experience has made all the difference in the world. They have begun to act like political animals. Such men are dangerous.

The danger was seen first by Mississippi politicians. Senator Stennis and Rep. John Bell Williams were early antagonists. Senator Eastland, now running for reelection against the rather strong Republican challenge of Rep. Prentiss Walker, soon joined the attack. Gov. Paul Johnson, in his own eyes (perhaps uniquely) a "moderate," wants to control the rate of speed at which Negroes attain political power, and anything beyond a slow crawl is obviously excessive.

Now all those men are powerful in different ways.

Stennis has a hammer lock on OEO funds from his position on the appropriations subcommittee; Eastland has access to the White House; Paul Johnson is Lyndon Johnson's vehicle for bringing Mississippi into the "national" Democratic Party.

Their attacks on CDGM have shaken the OEO. Several months ago, Stennis sent his own "investigators" to Mississippi. They dug up the usual dirt on CDGM: one employee had ties to SNCC, a school kitchen had prepared food for the Meredith marchers, staff cars may or may not have transported civil rights workers, and there was nepotism in one of the centers. Compared to the way the powerful whites manipulate their own county "community action agencies," CDGM centers were paragons of democracy and honesty, but that didn't seem to be the point. The Jackson papers are full of CDGM misdeeds, and Stennis and Eastland have carried their charges north.

The OEO responded, predictably, with panic. The Office of Inspection recruited college students from Harvard, Yale and Howard universities and sent them to Mississippi, disguised as civil rights workers, to bring back alive any embryonic black panthers they might find on CDGM territory. The OEO congressional lobbyist reported to his chiefs that CDGM might have to go to save the upcoming appropriation. The Atlanta regional OEO director, a South Carolina lawyer named Frank Sloan (a White House appointee), was eager to axe CDGM, and Inspector General Ed May joined the wrecking crew. Further ammunition has been supplied by the General Accounting Office, which has its own set of investigators poring over CDGM's accounts, and has decided the program is not run the way Washington bookkeepers would like.

CDGM's grant ran out Wednesday, but OEO has allowed it to keep going (on surplus funds) for another few weeks. The big fight is over next year's funding. An original request for \$41 million was returned by OEO in disbelief. Now, CDGM is asking for \$20.5 million for the full year — for 13,500 children at 170 centers in 37 counties. On August 19, OEO officials met in Washington to discuss the program's fate, and it was clear that the "anti's" were in the ascendancy. The feeling that many had afterward was that CDGM could not last another two months. The attacks had simply overwhelmed the poverty warriors. No matter that CDGM was — in the words of a former OEO high-up — "the only thing worth a damn in Mississippi, and the best program we've got in the country."

Sargent Shriver has apparently retired for the moment to consider the possibilities of surrender. His aides recommend total restructure: "Safe" new Negro and white directors, elimination of community action functions, and a tightly controlled new management. A few people inside and outside OEO are planning to fight

for CDGM, but the situation at this point is bleak. "What can you do," the ex-OEO staffer asked, "when practically the whole mechanism of government has gone into getting the goods on CDGM, and killing it?" By way of an answer, a present poverty program official said, "Shriver has apparently made a basic decision not to refund, and we have to accept it. They have all the cards and we don't have any. How do you fight it?"

ANDREW KOPKIND

Where the Action Isn't

An urban Job Corps camp and Santa Rita prison farm share the burned-grass acreage of Camp Parks, 40 miles outside of San Francisco near Pleasanton, California. The corpsmen, aged 16 to 21, come from every state in the country with hopes of acquiring what the original War on Poverty legislation called "self-confidence and a faith in themselves." I worked for two months as "night counselor" at Camp Parks, and recently revisited it, after a spell in the merchant marine. My job as "night counselor" meant being in a corpsmen's barracks from seven at night until three in the morning, to prevent fights, fires, pot-smoking and glue-sniffing. On revisiting the camp I found little had essentially changed.

When a new corpsman arrived at Camp Parks, often late at night and sleepy after emerging from a darkened bus, he was given an "assessment and evaluation" test. "I'm thinking of leaving here soon," was one question, "true or false, circle one." Then a counselor marked down his race on a data card. The coding system: C for Negro, L for Latin and other, and A for Caucasian. The new corpsman was then asked his religion, and if it was one the counselor had never heard of, the counselor referred to a list entitled "legitimate religions." If he couldn't find it on the list, he asked the corpsman what it was close to. If the corpsman came up with a "legitimate" religion, an entry was made on the data card.

Before being assigned to a barracks or dorm, as the Job Corps administration calls the buildings, the corpsman was told:

Corpsmen not wearing badges can be challenged;
Keep your hands out of your pockets;

Your room and board has a money value of \$43.50 per month and, while the facilities are not plush, they are comfortable;

Watch for radiation signs near water fountains.

Camp Parks, the corpsman was not told, was used during the fifties to test building materials against the effects of radiation; the ray-emitting substances were buried in various spots around the camp.

After a three-week period of "orientation," the corpsman was assigned to one of several vocational training programs: e.g. landscaping, where he learned

to water and de-weed what few green plants there are. This is part of the "clean-up and beautification project."

After getting into the routine of the camp, the corpsman was given the "earned privilege" of the weekend pass, a luxury item issued by his counselor. The director of the camp told the corpsman: "The surrounding towns are attractive, friendly and eager to welcome you." And he added: "Your best contribution to good community relations is to stay out of trouble." What he meant was "stay out of town," because then he explained: "Leave passes will not be given individuals or groups to go to town near the center (Dublin, Livermore and Pleasanton) unless a staff member is going with them." Staff members seldom went with corpsmen to these "friendly and eager to welcome you" towns, so the corpsman, if he wanted to leave the camp on weekends, had to spend his time in Hayward or Oakland. But this presented a transportation problem because the buses into Hayward and Oakland ran only at night, and hitch-hiking might get you expelled from the Job Corps. Rather than becoming entangled in the regulations, many corpsmen spent their weekends at the camp and used the enlisted men's pool hall, a leftover from the war years.

The job of the counselor was to see that the corpsman adjusted to his new environment. The difference between day and night counselors was explained in a pamphlet which said it was "a matter of degree rather than kind, and the degree lies in the extent to which the night counselor becomes involved in problems of supervision and control which are situational, *i.e.*, not characteristic of the group, or individuals within the group, but rather problems generating out of atypical or unusual circumstances." Many counselors habitually thought in this language; one wrote, in a progress report about a fight in his barracks, "My anxiety level rose." He was saying he was scared.

Counselors and administration continually told corpsmen, that they, the corpsmen, ran the camp. To prove it, the Camp Parks administration created a corpsmen government, complete with corpsmen judges and corpsmen representatives. Elections were announced, but when filing for office started, a Beardless Edict came down from the director. Because of the isolation of Camp Parks, a number of corpsmen had grown mustaches and an occasional beard. The director's edict said that corpsmen must be shaved before filing a petition for office. This moved the issue from beard *vs* no beard; most corpsmen asked, not, "Why can't we have beards?" but, "If it's our government and we run it like you said we do, how come you can tell us to shave or not to shave?"

Discipline of corpsmen usually took the form of a lifted weekend pass, a dirty room being a common infraction of the rules. Because of frequent fights, coun-

selors set up a stoolie system. Corpsmen could get a pay raise or special privileges if they told a counselor of an upcoming fight or about rule infractions. Names of informants were, of course, not revealed to other boys in the barracks. Since most corpsmen had occasion to talk individually to the counselor during the day, an atmosphere of suspicion was created and corpsmen were not always sure of their friends.

Until the corpsmen eventually caught on, a "lie detector test" was an effective way of getting confessions from boys suspected of stealing clothes or money. A corpsman under investigation was given two salt tablets and told he was swallowing "Camp Parks truth serum" — the solid variety." He was then seated at a desk and told to put his hands out flat on a wet paper towel. It was hoped the wet towel would conjure up all sorts of images in his mind, of positive electrical contacts, even the electric chair. One counselor would ask questions while another would check for revealing eye and hand movements, which would expose the alleged thief. Usually a guilty corpsman would laugh uncomfortably and admit his crime.

Critics of the Job Corps have accused the program of being a prep-school for the draft. Many of the corpsmen were there by virtue of draft board rejection; after their stay in the camp they would go into the service, provided they passed the military induction tests. Recruiters from all branches of the service could be seen talking to boys at the camp every day. The corpsmen newspaper was full of articles about the draft and the war in Vietnam; the articles came from Washington. "Some day in the next few years you will have to trade your forestry ax for an automatic rifle or your welder's mask for a tank driver's goggles," one such article said. "If you want, you may enlist in one of the services instead of being drafted. Army leaders say that there are many eager young men who want to be where the action is. These often volunteer for Vietnam. And any man who wants to buck the odds will get a cheerful assist from the army pros, who like a good scrap too." To corpsmen, the army at times appeared as a punitive alternative to failure as a corpsman, and this message was plainly stated by many counselors.

Every day had its full card of fights, that on the surface would appear racial, but that had their roots not in hostility, but in boredom. "When I get into the mess hall at five, I know what things will be like at five-thirty, at six, and at six the next day," a corpsman explained. Camp life went in cycles: training cycles, eating cycles, physical education cycles. A senior counselor at Camp Parks, a 45-year-old man who had spent most of his life as a YMCA organizer, said, "Camp Parks lacks a magic. I don't know what else to call it, but I can tell it isn't here."

RICHARD L. HANLIN

Check the Boom?

by James Tobin

The United States economy is one of the all-time wonders of the world. This year, despite the unwelcome burden of war in Vietnam, US citizens continue to enjoy ever-higher standards of life. Jobs are plentiful and the unemployment rate is down to or below the Kennedy-Johnson target of 4 percent, which seemed so elusive for so long. The concentration of unemployment in urban ghettos remains critical. But in general, events have proved yesterday's popular economic nightmares – chronic stagnation with growing hordes of “structurally unemployed” victims of automation – to be just as chimerical as economists said they were. Likewise yesterday's anguished complaints of “profit squeeze” have been silenced by routinely fantastic earnings reports and dividends.

Yet the economy is the subject of an anxious vigil, an obsessive search for symptoms of disease or even of imminent collapse. A reader of the financial press could easily conclude that the country is in deep economic trouble. He would seldom be reminded that in terms of the real ultimate pay-offs of economic activity – the production and consumption of useful goods and services – we could hardly be doing better.

Why does this prosperity cause such anxiety? There are two main worries. One is the fear that the boom will inevitably lead to severe recession. The other is inflation – the Consumer Price Index, which drifted up at only one percent per year from 1958 to 1964, has risen at nearly 3 percent a year during the 1965-66 boom. The two sources of concern are related, but I will discuss them in turn.

The first worry demonstrates the persistence and prevalence of business cycle mentality. Most people believe “what goes up must come down” to be a profound but obvious economic truth. Yet this is the sixth year of an uninterrupted economic expansion proving that periodic recessions like those of 1949, 1954, 1958 and 1960 are not inevitable features of American capitalism. In Western Europe and Japan also postwar experience suggests that growth, not fluctuation, is the first law of modern capitalism. The pace of advance may vary from year to year, but actual declines result from very bad

policy or very bad luck. The long and successful life of the current American expansion augurs well, not ill, for its future.

However, the character of the expansion did change in the winter of 1965-66. When recovery began in early 1961 there was substantial slack in the economy – workers, machines and plants idle solely for lack of demand for the products they could make. At the end of 1965 the slack was virtually gone. Meanwhile gross national expenditure on goods and services had increased on average 7 percent per year, of which one percent represented price increases and 6 percent the growth of real output. Of the latter, between 3.5 and 4 percent reflected the normal growth of the economy's productive capacity – larger population and labor force, new plant, better technology – and the remaining 2 to 2.5 percent per annum, the gradual elimination of abnormal unemployment and excess capacity. Clearly the 6 percent rate of growth of output cannot be sustained indefinitely. When no slack is being taken up, when operating and unemployment rates remain constant, then national output can grow no faster than national capacity, *i.e.*, about 4 percent per year.

Federal policy helped to engineer the 7-percent-per-year expansion in demand 1961 through 1965. The makers of economic policy in Washington knew, of course, that some day the growth of demand would have to be slowed down. The question was when and how, especially how to do it without overdoing it. Last winter, just when the economy was approaching the speed zone, demand accelerated. In the last quarter of 1965 and the first quarter of this year, gross national expenditure was increasing at an annual rate of 10 percent. Much of this was spilling over into price rises, but output was still growing at 6 percent per year. In 1966 as in the previous five years some of the gains in output are coming from more intense use of the economy's productive resources, though idle resources are harder to find. The problem of smooth transition to growth at a sustainable pace confronts us next year.

Vietnam was one factor in the untimely surge of demand last winter. But quantitatively the increase in defense expenditure has been less important than the boom in private spending for plant and equipment. Investment demand was weak during years of excess capacity, but it has revived dramatically the past two

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years as businessmen confronted expanding markets that their existing facilities could not serve. Private non-residential fixed investment now amounts to a record 11 percent of Gross National Product.

One of the principal uncertainties about the economy is whether business investment on this scale is sustainable. Are present rates of investment realistically geared to a growing economy and population? If so, investment can be expected to rise along with the economy, though not at the extraordinary 17 percent per year rate of the last two years. Or does the present investment boom reflect bunching of several years' projects and unrealistic extrapolation of the abnormal 1961-66 growth of sales and profits? If so the current investment boom is transient, and its end, unless skillfully anticipated and offset by monetary and fiscal policy, could trigger another recession.

No one knows, but it seems only prudent to guard against the latter possibility. That is why many academic economists have been urging all year that the 7 percent tax credit for new investment be temporarily suspended, to provide business with a powerful incentive to postpone new projects until a more opportune time. The tax credit was enacted in 1962, when investment and the economy desperately needed shots in the arm, over the opposition of most of its intended beneficiaries. The situation has reversed, and so has business opinion. The credit has become politically sacrosanct; both business and the Administration prefer presidential persuasion as a means of limiting business investment.

Indeed the Administration has been unwilling to take any significant fiscal action to check the growth of demand. Since the dizzy pace of the first months of the year has not continued, its wait-and-see policy looks better now than it did last spring. For this respite, the Administration owes some thanks to the Federal Reserve (and perhaps to Ralph Nader, too). Never was fiscal policy used more vigorously and effectively to promote recovery to full employment than in 1964-65. Never was monetary policy used more vigorously and effectively to check a boom than in 1966.

In the face of the heavy borrowing demands generated by the investment boom, the Fed has kept a tight rein on the lending capacity of the banking system. The resulting scramble for funds – borrowers seeking loans and banks and other institutions seeking funds to lend to their customers – has raised interest rates to record levels. The competition of the high yields available on savings accounts and bonds has deflated the stock market. Some would-be borrowers are squeezed out; credit is not available to them on terms they can afford. Their spending projects are abandoned or postponed or stretched out.

The main initial impact of tight money is on home-

building, although present interest rates and stock values if they continue will no doubt affect eventually other kinds of expenditure too – consumer durables, business investment, state and local capital spending. Meanwhile, since money is extraordinarily tight, the pinch on residential construction is extraordinarily severe. This is unpleasant, and so in a sense is the competitive shake-up of the financial structure accompanying these developments. But populist reflexes are out of place. Now is not the time to excoriate William McClesney Martin or to legislate interest rate ceilings. The Fed is only doing its job, and effective competition for the funds of savers is to be welcomed.

Tight money and the pinch on residential construction are really the result of the failure of the Administration and Congress to take fiscal measures to check either business investment or personal consumption. Monetary policy and homebuilding are shouldering as much of the burden of checking inflation as they can – economically, financially, politically. Any further anti-inflationary measures will have to be tax increases.

On the other hand, if a stimulus to demand is needed next year to ward off recession, easing of monetary policy should be the first step and tax reduction should have low priority. The Fed now has all the maneuvering room it could ever need on the side of ease, and this in itself should increase our chances of avoiding serious recession. But the willingness of the Fed to ease money if the expansion falters will depend on price and balance-of-payments developments. That brings us to the second worry about the prosperity of 1966: inflation.

How Evil Is Inflation?

As the pressure of demand on the economy's productive resources has increased in 1965 and 1966, so have prices. Although the economy has reached the "interim" goal of 4 percent unemployment, further demand pressure could reduce unemployment still further, with obvious social and economic gains. But these gains would be "purchased" at the "cost" of more inflation. What is that cost? Should it deter us from aiming monetary and fiscal policy at lower rates of unemployment?

The measurement of inflation is highly uncertain. There is really no way to average into a single number the price movements of the vast and ever-changing variety of goods and services in the economy. The indexes commonly used to measure "the price level" and "the purchasing power of the dollar" are compiled with skill, care and consistency; but they are arbitrary and imperfect. Consider the difficulty of evaluating quality improvements and new products. The Consumer Price Index says that the cost of medical services to the consumer has increased 38 percent in the last 10 years. Given the advance of medical knowledge, does a dollar

really buy 28 percent less medical care than it did a decade ago? When the CPI is rising 3 percent a year we cannot really be sure that the value of a dollar to every consumer – even to the representative consumer whose budget is the source of the commodity weights used in constructing the index – is falling at that rate. Maybe it is falling at 2 percent, perhaps not at all. But a substantial and persistent change in the rate of increase in the CPI – as from one percent per year in 1958-64 to 3 percent in 1965-66 – undoubtedly signifies a real change in the trend of prices.

Many people regard a general increase in prices as an economic disaster, and some regard any decline in the purchasing power of the currency as a moral default by government. These judgments are extreme. Inflation of itself does not make the country worse off, or better off. The wealth of the nation depends on its natural resources, factories and machines, manpower and skills, science and technology. These are still there whatever happens to prices.

Increases in the prices people pay are offset by increases in the wages, profits, and other incomes they receive. (People complain about the higher prices they pay, not about the higher prices they receive.) A pure inflation – increasing all prices and income, all assets and debts, in the same proportion – would have as little substantive significance as changing from old francs to new or from shillings and pence to decimals.

But in practice inflation is uneven, damaging certain individuals and groups and benefiting others. The losers are those whose incomes and assets are by contract or custom fixed in money value and slow to adjust to price changes. But in appraising their loss remember that the size and security of their incomes often contain some compensation for the risk of inflation. When the bondholder's 6 percent includes an inflation premium he has little claim on our sympathy when inflation actually occurs.

Inflation is only one of many sources of the redistribution of income and wealth, some anticipated and some not, continually occurring in a dynamic economy. Technological, social and political events are always moving prices and property values up and down in relation to each other, making and destroying fortunes in their wake. Does the government have a greater obligation to possible losers from inflation than to victims of other kinds of economic change? The government has made no commitment to holders of its currency or its debt, much less to owners of private debt denominated in dollars, to maintain the purchasing power of the dollar. A reasonable moral objection could be made to the government's failure to protect or compensate citizens who during World War II bought its US bonds bearing artificially depressed interest rates and found their savings evaporating in the postwar inflation. But

the current situation bears no resemblance to that episode.

Nevertheless the government should do more to help people who are not willing or able to protect their savings against inflation by investing in equities or in assets yielding high interest. A way to do so is to offer small savers a US savings bond bearing no interest but if held to maturity escalated in value to a price index or perhaps to the money value of GNP. The government's obligation is accentuated to the extent that it yields to the pressures now upon it to prohibit banks and savings institutions from paying small savers the competitive interest rates on savings available to large and sophisticated investors.

The seemingly perennial US balance-of-payments deficit is commonly cited as a special reason for avoiding inflation at this time. US goods will be more attractive, for Americans and foreigners alike, the lower our prices and costs relative to prices and costs abroad. This makes sense. But the fact is that the US has been improving its competitive position for eight years, thanks to inflation in Europe and elsewhere, yet the payments deficit is still with us. Our trouble is not our trade account, which is probably about as favorable as the mercantilistic interests and policies of other countries will



"... And then I had to pay a deposit on the barrel."

permit. Our trouble is the outflow of capital, and here Europe's relatively faster inflation may very well have hurt rather than helped. An American could gain by buying European properties, watching them appreciate in terms of francs or marks or lire, along with the general inflations in those countries, then later selling and converting the proceeds into dollars to spend at home. The US boom, with heavy demands and high yields for investment funds at home, may help the capital account as much as it hurts the trade balance.

Is inflation the symptom or the disease? Usually people urge correction of conditions giving rise to inflation *because* they lead to inflation. But conceivably it is these conditions, more than their inflationary symptoms, which are unhealthy. What causes inflation anyway? The literature, popular and professional, abounds with confidently asserted single-cause explanations: too much fiat money, too much government spending, trade unions, monopolies. The world is more complicated. The same explanation will not cover all times, all countries, all inflations; neither ancient Rome nor the Weimar Republic has much relevance to contemporary America.

Inflation may arise from a basic socio-economic disequilibrium: the demands that society makes on its productive resources exceed their capacity. The excessive demands may be expressed not only in public and private spending from current incomes and from savings and credit but also in claims for higher incomes, claims which the unions or businesses or individuals involved have the bargaining power to enforce. Rising prices and wages are the natural response of free markets to excess demand. Some people, those who made their budget plans or their contracts or their collective bargaining agreements without reckoning on rising costs, wind up with less goods and services than they intended to buy. The devil takes the hindmost, and it is only because they are squeezed out of the market that demand is whittled down to match the available supply. But the match is only temporary. The basic disequilibrium is still there. After a round of inflation everything is the same as before except that prices and money incomes are a notch higher. Everyone still has the same demands for goods and services and the same power to enforce his claims by spending money or exacting higher wages or profits. So there has to be another round of inflation, *ad infinitum*.

Indeed if one believes that people are rational and learn from experience, the inflation generated by a basic disequilibrium must accelerate. People will anticipate the inflation in making spending plans and contracts, and prices will have to race upwards ever faster to squeeze out the excess demand. This is essentially the reasoning behind the orthodox view that there can be no such thing as a creeping inflation for very long; any

inflation tends to break into a gallop.

This is also the reasoning underlying the orthodox prescription: remove the basic disequilibrium. After all, a civilized society ought to have the self-discipline and political maturity to adjust explicitly the competing claims on its resources so that they sum to a realistic total. For example, if we load a new defense effort on to an already fully employed economy, we should openly tax ourselves enough to release the needed resources; we should not resort to the capricious and deceptive tax that inflation imposes on the unwary. Likewise if the real wages and profits demanded for producing output add up to more than the output produced, we will have to inject more competition, or alternatively control *à la* guideposts, into the setting of prices and wages.

These conclusions certainly fit whenever the model applies, and there are plenty of examples of inflations that represent the unwillingness of politicians and peoples to face up to the fact that productive resources are limited. But the orthodox Cassandra applies the model too freely and too frequently. Not every period of rising prices represents a deep-seated socio-economic disequilibrium. The industrialized world, especially since World War II, is full of inflationary crawls which vary up and down in speed but do not appear to accelerate into gallops. Evidently there are some circumstances in which a round of inflation is self-stopping; it eliminates rather than renews the circumstances that gave rise to it. And there are other circumstances in which a certain maintained speed of inflation suffices to keep demand in line with supply; ever-growing doses are not necessary.

Inflation and Unemployment

In the postwar US economy the range and speed of price increases seem to be related to (a) the pressure of demand on the economy's labor and capital, and (b) the speed with which this pressure is increasing. As for the first, wage and price increases are smaller and less widespread when unemployment of labor is high, when there is considerable excess industrial capacity. The relationship is continuous, not abrupt. There is no magic unemployment rate, no critical threshold that marks the dividing line between inflation and no inflation. Rather there is a broad zone, unemployment rates between, say, 7 and 2 percent, within which lower unemployment will be continuously associated with higher rates of inflation. Economists refer to this relationship as the "Phillips curve," after Professor A. W. Phillips of the London School of Economics, who first tried to measure it for England.

Reasons for the Phillips curve are not hard to find. When unemployment is low, unions have more bargaining power, employers have less reasons to resist

their demands, and unions or no unions employers have to bid wages up to obtain the workers they need. Experience in the US is not easy to read, but it suggests that to keep money wage rates from rising faster than productivity unemployment must be in excess of 6 percent of the labor force, with excess industrial capacity correspondingly high.

This is a discouraging conclusion if one interprets any such inflationary tendency as a symptom of a basic disequilibrium – too heavy real claims on the economy's resources – from which an accelerating inflation is bound to arise. But it strains credulity to regard situations of labor surplus and abnormal excess capacity as situations of basic excess demand. Our economy does have an inflationary bias, but it is not due to a systematic excess of society's demands and claims for goods and services over its capacity to produce. More likely it is due to some social institutions, conventions and attitudes that give money wages, other money incomes, and their year-to-year changes significance independent of their real purchasing power. For example, annual advances in money wages and salaries are important for the competitive self-respect of individuals and trade unions. Explicit reduction in wages and salaries are an extreme measure, connoting failure by the recipient or the employer or both. It is much less damaging to pride to accept a decline in real earnings due to the impersonal forces raising the cost of living. Of course wage and salary demands and payments are responsive to the cost of living, too. But the evidence is that they are not fully responsive – if prices rise one percent per year faster that will make wages rise faster too, but by no means one percent faster.

The second main factor determining the speed of inflation is the rate at which the pressure of demand on the productive capacity of the economy is increasing. When demand is rising faster than the normal growth of the labor force and of industrial capacity, it takes abnormally large wage and price increases to bring idle labor and plant into operation. Wages and prices rose during the recovery of the thirties, even though massive unemployment and excess capacity remained.

The two factors combined have given the US significantly faster inflation in 1965 and 1966 than in the previous years. The economy is now operating with much smaller margins of unused labor and plant. Moreover, after four years, 1961-64, in which the growth of demand slowly and gradually whittled away at unemployment, the pressure of demand increased sharply in 1965-66. We cannot yet tell how much of recent price rises to attribute to the first cause and how much to the second. Is it that we are operating the economy at full steam, or that we built up to full steam so fast? Let us hope that the speed of the build-up, rather than the level it has reached, can bear most of the blame; if so

the rate of inflation will subside even though present unemployment and operating rates are maintained. Indeed there seems to have been more inflation last winter, when the unemployment rate was rapidly declining, than there has been since, when unemployment has remained steady at the low rates (4 percent or just below) then reached.

On the other hand, the economy has not yet felt the full impact of this year's boom and inflation on wages. When major labor contracts are reopened next year, the profit and price increases of 1966 will be targets for union negotiators backed by the bargaining power of a tight labor market. However, these wage increases may be more redistributive than inflationary. The abnormally high profit margins that invite them indicate that in many cases they can be absorbed without forcing industry to cut back its scale of operations.

The Guideposts

Organized labor and the Administration have been much criticized for violations of the Administration's wage guideposts. Certainly many unions have defied them with irresponsibility and impunity. At the same time, the *price* guideposts called for price cuts in industries where productivity grows faster than average. This precept has been largely ignored, with results for prices and profits that have made it virtually impossible to ask labor to adhere strictly to the wage guideposts. The President's failure to press the auto industry for price cuts opened the way for Walter Reuther's 1964 above-guidepost settlement. Likewise failure to reduce airline fares in 1966 meant that airline shareholders rather than consumers stood to benefit if the machinists respected the wage guidepost. The guideposts were never meant to keep labor and management from bargaining over the division of the pie. They were intended to prevent the management-*cum*-union of a particular industry from claiming too much – via price increases or failure to make price cuts – from the rest of the economy. This, rather than any numerical wage standard, is the aspect of its voluntary restraint policy the Administration will have to emphasize for 1967.

I will list several propositions in summary. (1) The economy is doing very well, and its problems are largely those of success rather than failure. Current inflation does not reflect any deep-seated socio-economic disequilibrium. Creeping inflation is no disaster. Certainly it does much less social harm than the unemployment and stagnation we faced a few years ago. (2) The pressure of demand on capacity is not unreasonably high. Further reduction of unemployment below 4 percent would be desirable, but it will cause less disruption and inflation if it occurs gradually rather than at the headlong pace of last winter. (3) Demand is now being held

in check by an extraordinarily tight and courageous monetary policy, necessitated by the Administration's failure to raise taxes. This has overburdened residential construction, and certainly any necessary further restraint – for example, if Vietnam spending increases – should be accomplished by fiscal rather than monetary means. In any case suspension of the 7 percent tax credit for investment would be a good idea, both to distribute more evenly the anti-inflationary burden now and to strengthen future investment demand. (4) Current prosperity does not doom the economy to recession next year or ever. With good management the recovery of 1961-66 can be transformed into steady growth at a slower sustainable pace. Easing of monetary policy should be the first line of defense against recession.

Burma Doesn't Want Aid—

Rangoon

The Burmese economy is probably in worse shape than at any time in the past 15 years. But the Burmese government leader, General Ne Win, who is paying his first official visit to the United States next week, says he is not coming to Washington to ask or even hint at aid. He is unwilling to commit himself in any way to Washington (or to anyone else).

Probably in no other country is distribution of basic commodities as badly bungled as in Burma. Yet there is no real hardship, let alone hunger, and only mild discontent with the government under which this remarkable deterioration has taken place. Ne Win openly acknowledges that things have not worked out as he planned and that he is not sure what to do next. He told a seminar of Burma's only legal political party, the Lanzin Party (formerly the Burma Socialist Program Party), "It is as if we have caught hold of a tiger's tail. We dare not release it."

Ne Win won't reverse course on his crash program of socialism despite its admitted shortcomings. As he sees it, he has ended foreign economic exploitation of Burma, and begun the arduous task of preparing the Burmese to stand on their own feet. Large-scale American help would be self-defeating, because the problem is to get the Burmese to run Burma's economy, defense and educational system without excessive reliance on foreigners. Aid hinders their capacity to do things for themselves, and also could be construed as committing the country to the donor – whether it be distant America or adjacent China, with which the Burmese share a 1,300-mile-long frontier.

Officials of General Ne Win's "Revolutionary Government of Burma" like to compare their country with India, Indonesia and South Vietnam. "India's problems must be worse than ours," a young major said. "If it

were not so, why are so many Indians trying to get back into our country? And why did others change their minds about returning to India?" Indians used to dominate Burma's economy, even more than either the resident Chinese or the colonial British. More than 150,000 of them have left the country since Ne Win ended their private trading and money-lending.

There is enough food for everyone, yet prices of many things have risen steeply since Ne Win came to power in 1962. Chicken, beef and vegetables cost about twice as much; prawns, a favorite of the Burmese, and most fish cost about two-and-a-half times more. Rice is abundant, however, and the problem is mainly one of distribution. Earlier this year a Rangoon flour mill was reported preparing to close down for lack of storage space; its warehouse was clogged with more than 10,000 bags of coarse flour. Yet in the very same neighborhood bakers and noodle-makers were suffering from a shortage of flour.

The explanation is inexperience and lack of planning. Under colonial rule and during the first decade-and-a-half of independence, foreigners, mainly resident Indians and Chinese, controlled trade. Ne Win nationalized retail trade quickly to get rid of the foreigners. Before final nationalization of all but the smallest share of retail trade, many Indian and Chinese merchants whose shops had been taken over were buying up goods from the government's "people's shops" and reselling them. Almost all the major Indian and Chinese trading families that have quit the country have left at least one member behind them, apparently to resume trading if they ever get the chance.

It is rumored in Rangoon that Ne Win will decontrol

—Or Does It?

Louis J. Walinsky, a Washington economic consultant who helped to plan Burma's economic development prior to General Ne Win's coup in 1962, writes: The President of Burma, Prime Minister U Nu, Chief Justice U Mying Thein, socialist leaders U Ba Swe and U Kyaw Nyein, and virtually the entire political leadership of democratic Burma, have been held in military prison, without charges, bail, hearings, visitors or trial, since March 1962.

Independent newspaper editors have similarly been jailed, without charges, hearing or trial. The Burmese constitution has been abrogated and parliament dissolved. Burmese cannot leave the country, even when offered jobs elsewhere.

Why in those circumstances has the United States invited General Ne Win to Washington? Why is he coming? Does he fear a popular revolt and if one occurs will he seek our aid in suppressing it? Burma could easily become another Vietnam.

trade in some key foodstuffs, upon his return from the United States, to relieve bottlenecks that keep the sprawling network of government-run "people's shops" ill-supplied and sometimes even empty. Odds are that Chinese or Indians would quickly fill the role.

Burma is one of the few countries that is not being attacked, at least verbally, by other nations. It is on good terms with both the United States and China, with Thailand and Cambodia, and even with the two Vietnam's, both of which have consulates in Rangoon. About 2,000 communists of varying brands of orthodoxy, and some people belonging to ethnic minorities like Karens, Kachins, and Shans, are in revolt against the government. The communists and other dissidents, particularly some Karens, form the National Democratic United Front – the most active rebel group. Karens also dominate the anti-government Council for National Liberation. Both Burmese and foreigners resident in Burma ascribe less importance to the CNL than do nationals and foreigners in next-door Thailand, where some of its members are believed to be hiding. The increase in separatist sentiment apparent in 1962 – and seeming lack of opposition to it on the part of then-Prime Minister U Nu – were the reasons given for General Ne Win's takeover from Nu. Ne Win's foreign policy is aimed, in part, at preventing external exploitation of Burma's minority troubles. "We do not want to become a second Vietnam," an official says.

Ex-Premier Nu and other former political leaders, such as U Ba Swe, U Kyaw Nyein and U Raschid, are kept in detention. Ne Win says their release would increase factionalism. They have never been tried. The government says that "they will be released" some day – as soon as the government feels strong enough. The Lanzin Party has only 20 full members, of whom 13 are soldier-members of the governing Revolutionary Council; there are also 99,638 "candidate members" and 167,447 "sympathizers," and 681,906 other persons are officially reported to have sought affiliation with the party. Ne Win said earlier this year that power should be restored "as quickly as possible" to the people "to whom it rightfully belongs." Bodies called "people's peasants' and workers' councils" are being formed to work with the Lanzin Party. There are also consumer committees which are supposed to act as watchdogs over the "people's shops," but some of them work in collusion with shop managers to sell goods to the black market.

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The Going Gets Rough In Yugoslavia

Belgrade

President Tito, now 74, has dealt roughly with two aspirants to political power in Yugoslavia. Mihajlo Mihajlov, a young university lecturer in history, was arrested and charged with "spreading false information"; he had tried to start a "rival party" journal in this one-party communist nation, and had rashly forecast a struggle for power in which, he said, Tito would be replaced by Milovan Djilas, a former communist who is in jail for criticizing communism.

Probably more important than his incarceration of young Mihajlov is Tito's crackdown on Aleksandar Rankovic, for many years Tito's presumptive heir and therefore number-two man in the country. A highly placed Yugoslav explained that Rankovic had been toying with the idea of a *coup d'etat*. For years, Yugoslavs claimed that their brand of communism was more democratic than Russia's, but now they say the monopoly of political decisions and state jobs lay with small cliques, mostly secret policemen, all taking their orders from Rankovic. For instance, the special committee investigating Rankovic reports that he, not the foreign minister, picked and fired foreign ministry officials.

Rankovic's people also tried to run all the factories and businesses. This, however, brought them into collision with Yugoslavia's new class of educated technocrats, who do not stand in particular awe of old "partisan" heroes like Rankovic for having fought the Nazis in World War II, and who looked down contemptuously on Soviet communist methods, and admire Western technical efficiency. The technocrats got through to Tito: hence Yugoslavia's relative freedom of travel abroad (about 100,000 Yugoslavs work in West Germany), the continued existence of peasants owning their own land, and other surprising indications of private enterprise in a communist economy.

But one result of all this relative freedom was that the Yugoslav masses insisted on dressing and eating well, so that the standard of living outpaced production and Yugoslavia acquired a huge foreign debt and an urgent balance-of-payments problem. Austerity was imposed to prevent the economy collapsing; the cost of living soared 50 percent or more. The ensuing discontent was exploited by Rankovic and his supporters, who had always opposed "liberalization" and who saw their own grasp on the country's economic and political life in danger. But the Rankovic cliques ran into trouble with Yugoslavs in official and party positions who

resented their power and were highly annoyed to discover that Rankovic's men had "bugged" their homes and offices with microphones (some were found in Tito's own presidential palace). It seemed clear that a serious danger existed of the Rankovic security apparatus taking over the state after or even before Tito's death, and this would likely be followed by a gigantic purge modeled on Stalin's purges in Russia.

Rankovic is a Serb and had identified himself with Serbian nationalism. The different nationalities which live together in the Yugoslav Federal Republic have a long record of blood and horrors. They were slaughtering one another for centuries, and the worst came during World War II and the Nazi occupation. The great merit of the Tito regime – probably its greatest – was to put an end to this slaughter. But old hatreds die slowly, and economic difficulties gave them a new stimulus. To the Slovenes and the Croats, a Serb is a brute who exploits them. The Serbs, for their part, believe that they alone are the carriers of the idea of the Yugoslav state and that without them it would perish and be divided among their non-Yugoslav neighbors. In recent years, despite much federal help for the poorer republics of Macedonia, Bosnia and Montenegro, the gap between the haves and have-nots has widened.

In many parts of Croatia and Slovenia the downfall of Rankovic was celebrated as a defeat of "Serbian chauvinists." In many Serbian circles his downfall was resented for the same reason. Tito and his friends have clearly foreseen those consequences. The speeches made at the Brioni meeting, at which the ouster of Rankovic was formally decided, bear witness to this. The Serbs were asked to believe that Rankovic's "dictatorial tendencies" were a threat to all.

Now All Is Uncertain

Most of the informed people to whom I talked consider that Rankovic and the era of his secret police domination are finished "forever." But all agree that Yugoslavia's future looks cloudy. Nobody knows what regime will emerge in a few years' time. Nobody had thought that Tito's successor could be anybody but Rankovic. Now all is uncertain. Most of the people around Tito are due to retire soon. Tito himself has hinted several times that he is getting tired. It is rumored that he is considering relinquishing the post of secretary-general of the League of Communists (equivalent to Leonid Brezhnev's party post in Russia) and wants only to remain as president of the republic. There is no hard evidence of this, but it seems certain that next year, when the League may hold a special congress, many new faces will emerge among top Yugoslav leaders.

A life-long communist, Tito is clearly worried by

growing evidence that communist ideology is getting more and more obsolete. A man doesn't readily admit that ideals for which he has fought all his life are a series of misconceptions, half-truths and errors. Tito's other concept, the nonaligned camp, gained Yugoslavia a higher international status than it deserved, but now the notion, and Yugoslavia's importance, are both fading. Belgrade attracted African and Asian students and countless international congresses, with most of the expenses paid by the Yugoslavs. It's estimated that Yugoslavia extended to the "third world" some \$500 million of credit, most of which must be written off as lost.

Tito in his speeches sounds increasingly pro-Russian and anti-American, but all the time Yugoslavia moves steadily away from communism. It's doubtful how long these contradictions can continue. Inflation has been stopped and the balance of payments has improved, but this could be reversed any time. Several state enterprises, like shipbuilding, are shaky. Six Yugoslavs in 10 are still peasants, yet, except when the wheat harvest is exceptionally good, the country is unable to feed itself. The Yugoslav peasant is allowed up to 25 acres of land and in comparison with a Soviet peasant lives like a millionaire, nevertheless the productivity of this peasant agriculture is exceptionally low. In the past, the Yugoslav planners pushed construction of heavy industries in regions where there was no coal, no iron ore and no skilled workers, meanwhile completely neglecting chemicals and especially fertilizers. It will be years, perhaps decades, before Yugoslav industry learns to produce as efficiently as the industries of Western Europe. The average Yugoslav feels himself a part of the Western world, yet his standard of living is much lower, even though it is above that of the Russians, the Poles, and even the Czechs who only 15 years ago were among the richest people in Europe.

Whoever is familiar with the present-day situation in the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia is aware that a tremendous contradiction is building up between the masses who want to live better, and the rigid regimes that are unable to produce the goods. In Yugoslavia this conflict is taking an incomparably milder form, for several reasons. The process of seeking contacts with the masses began much earlier. Discussion between the ruling class and the ruled is going on more publicly and more frankly. And the reforms undertaken are real and far-reaching. So Yugoslavia may better withstand coming storms than other countries of East Europe. The big changes which will undoubtedly occur in Yugoslavia may come without cataclysmic tremors.

PHILIP BEN

MR. BEN is a correspondent of *Le Monde* and has been touring Eastern Europe.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

John Barth as Jonathan Swift

by Joseph Featherstone

At a point in John Barth's interminable *Giles Goat-Boy*, the hero watches a play that turns out to be a parody of *Oedipus Rex*. He has just emerged from life among a herd of goats into a posh science fiction world where all of human life is organized into one big university, and the thing is that *Oedipus* is a university dean, not a king. *Oedipus* marries the old dean's

Giles Goat-Boy
by John Barth
(Doubleday; \$6.85)

wife (get it?) and instead of a Greek chorus there is an *ad hoc* team of department heads and administrators chosen to "evaluate the university's academic posture." A slow stir of recognition will pass over some readers, but it is not the sort of recognition that Aristotle talks about in Greek tragedy. It is the familiar, unwelcome feeling of being bored by academic wit and tedious donnish japes. *Giles Goat-Boy* is like 2 a.m. at the faculty club with not a drink in sight. The book is a 710-page epic snooze, and it is clear that an emergency fund should be raised immediately to rescue an extraordinarily talented writer from some university where he is going nuts.

For Barth's talents are beyond dispute. He has written an interesting novel, *The Floating Opera* (1956), a poor novel, *End of The Road* (1958), and a masterpiece, *The Sot-Weed Factor* (1960). This last is one of the most impressive American works of the last twenty years, an erratic and often obscure piece of comic wizardry based on an actual poem about colonial Maryland done in 1708. An Englishman, Ebenezer Cook, tried to set up as a tobacco merchant, but was robbed blind by the colonials and ended up writing a poem cursing those regions "where no man's faithful nor a woman chaste." Barth's novel takes off from

the poem in a gaudy spree of re-created 17th-Century prose. The humor, as in all his books, is a comedy of disguises, the point being that we are the roles we play, and what we play readily shifts, slips, and slides into other roles. Now you see it, now you don't. Existence is a shell game, and Barth is always asking if there really is a pea under the shell. In *The Floating Opera* the hero is comically disinterested in the shifts: he moves from cynicism to amiability to immorality not because he has to, but because under the circumstances he might just as well. In *The Sot-Weed Factor*, Henry Burlingame, the villain, plays a dozen contradictory roles, to the confusion of Ebenezer, the innocent hero. All is flux, Henry says; we alter and dissolve, or is it that the lens of the viewer changes? Values are arbitrary and there is no reason for action. On the other hand there is no reason for inaction, either. Poor Ebenezer Cook in the wilds of Maryland would like to choose some rational way of living, but everything looks so good, or at least so tempting and he can't

decide. A succession of vaudeville acts aimed at getting him to choose presents Barth's laughing vision of the world, acts that include Captain John Smith's *Secret Historie of the Voiage Up the Bay of Chesapeake*, and such bawdy walk-ons as the well-known Cambridge Sodomite, Sir Isaac Newton. Chaos is Barth's element; order is his enemy. In all his novels a plot or a story line becomes itself an object of ridicule and custard pies, the punished straight man in a murderous burlesque act. Only in *The Sot-Weed Factor*, though, has he been able to channel this rage for disorder into a coherent work of art: the novel succeeds in part because the shapeless, mock-epic and picaresque mode suits his genius so well.

Giles Goat-Boy is in this mode, too, but it is not a success. It begins ominously with a self-conscious publisher's disclaimer and four cute letters from editors at the publishing house explaining their positions on whether the book should be published. It ends, like a bad romantic symphony, with a windy finale of post-tapes, a post-script to this and a footnote to that. In between, as far as I can make out, this is what happens. John Barth is supposed to have been given a copy of a new sacred book, a kind of Bible composed by a George Giles and a big computer that runs the world that has turned into a university. The university-world is divided into east and west campuses (neat, eh?), God is called the Founder, and His religion is summed up in mock-Biblical quotes such as "Many are Registered but few are qualified." All aspects of life are described in academic terms. Instead of saying what they say now, for example, people shout "flunk you!" The big computer's name is Wescac and it enjoys fornicating with animals and, on occasion, people. George, for instance, is probably a child of Wescac and some unknown lady, although he is raised as an orphan among the goats on an experimental farm. The new Bible narrates the heroic labors of George to once again reach the bowels

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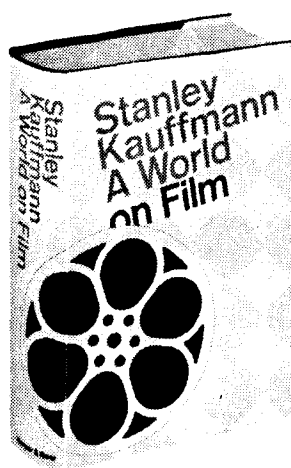
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of the Wescac computer. En route he has many many many many escapades. Once again Barth's comedy centers on shifts in roles, this time with animal roles added on to all the possible human roles. Thus George Giles is Goat-boy, a human, and eventually a Grand Tutor, a title which in a university-world means something of a cross between a man and a god. At the end Giles Commences, tugging his lady love deep inside Wescac in a great orgasmic crescendo.

It would be wrong to call this eccentric book a dead loss. In the first part, the pastoral and comic interlude among the goats, there are some fine scenes. It may sound unlikely, but Giles' discovery of the pain involved in being a human is truly moving. And throughout this new work, "the recentest fair fungus in Time's watch-glass," there are triumphs of Barth's gorgeous language. This word-driven man can still leave you breathless with his "splendrously musicked out" artifice and verbal extravagance. He is a "monger after beauty," "doorman of the Muses' Fancy House." In one twenty-page sequence, the hilarious saga of Peter Greene's lost eye, the book comes alive like a sailboat catching the wind. Peter, a mixture of Babbitt and Everyman, fails his wife in an important respect:

"She had better betake herself to some callous stud, he had told her bitterly, who being less confounded by the architecture of her naked flesh could possess it like a master instead of trembling like a truant freshman before the Chancellor's Mansion."

But such sequences are exceedingly rare oases on a vast desert. In *The Sot-Weed Factor* Barth's conceits came naturally; pinching the behind of bawd History seemed the most natural thing in the world. Here so much of his energy goes into fashioning and then maintaining and then explaining the elaborate, impossibly artificial conceit of the university-world, that the whole thing strains and buckles, and even his language frequently dims into expository foundation prose. How boring can a comic genius get? Read *Giles Goat-Boy* to find out.

Victorian Pornotopia

by Philip Toynbee

It was only a year or two ago that Miss Phyllis Grosskurth's superb life of John Addington Symonds showed us a strange sub-world of homosexual dons and schoolmasters in Victorian England. Sympathetically, and without the least hint of prurience, Miss Grosskurth drew aside the whiskers and the heavy glaze of confident dignity which had formed across those pedagogic

The Other Victorians
by Steven Marcus
(Basic Books, \$5.95)

faces, and revealed underneath them an anguished fear of discovery as well as a still more surprising giggle of complicity. Oddly enough Mr. Marcus' book overlaps at no point with that earlier study, although some of Symonds' clandestine manuscripts might have contributed to his purposes. His purposes are mainly with pornography; and with sexual practices only by deduction from the secret literature of the time. And since it is one of Mr. Marcus' main points that pornography is always the product of fantasy we shall perhaps learn less from this book about what went on than our own prurient curiosity might have hoped for.

But *The Other Victorians* has plenty of material, all the same, to satisfy every level of our natures. It is a serious book, though written with a deceptive brilliance and good-humor. Mr. Marcus is sometimes guilty of that rather perfunctory tut-tutting which he holds up to ridicule in the writers whom he has set out to criticize. It seems unnecessary, and beside the point, to follow a particularly gamey quotation with a reproachful comment on "the crudity and coarseness of this terminology." And if Mr. Marcus fools himself—I think he does—that this whole topic has now been sterilized by Freud, I doubt whether any honest reader of his book will be able to agree with him. In a thoroughly sophisticated and intelligent way his own book, too, can be read as a work of pornography.

"Honi soit," Mr. Marcus may reply,

"qui mal y pense." But most of us are still fairly mal pensant after our fashions and I enjoyed this book at least as much for its pungent quotations as I did for its fascinating sociological revelations.

Having rifled the archives of the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research, Mr. Marcus has built his book on four columns. The first is the published work of Dr. William Acton, a Victorian specialist in diseases of the genital organs who expounded, in surprisingly frank and unpompous terms, something like the official attitude to sex. Here our modern susceptibilities will be deeply shocked by the demands for abstinence, and the still more shocking threats of the dreadful penalties which are said to result from indulgence. The next column is splendidly entitled *Index Librorum Prohibitorum: Being Notes Bio-Biblico-Iconographical and Critical on Curious and Uncom-*

mon Books. Under the punning pseudonym of Pisanus Fraxi this work of spurious learning and hardly-concealed pornography was compiled by a certain Henry Spencer Ashbee, a rich retired businessman and dilettante.

Mr. Marcus' third foundation column—and far and away the most substantial—is *My Secret Life*—a record of his literally incredible sexual activities kept by an anonymous English civil servant throughout the middle years of the 19th Century. And finally Mr. Marcus rounds off his fascinating study with a brief study of three conventional pieces of Victorian pornographic fiction.

The weightier value of this book springs from Mr. Marcus' profound knowledge of the respectable Victorian novel, and the interesting parallels which he draws between the open literature and its disreputable clandestine cousin. His comparison of Acton with George Eliot's Lydgate is marvelously deft and persuasive; so are the many occasions when he links some revelation of social conditions in *My Secret Life* with the deliberate exposures of



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Dickens. His general conclusions, too, about what he calls Pornotopia – the never-never land of male sexual fantasy – are original and convincing. We can learn a great deal from this book not only about Victorian England but also about ourselves.

Yet I can't help feeling that this very shrewd and knowing book has somehow failed to be quite self-conscious enough. In spite of frequent disclaimers it's clear that Mr. Marcus finds his subjects more or less ludicrous; and that he does so from a condition of enlightenment which is available, he assumes, to lucky him but not to his poor benighted subjects. Our attitude to this attitude will largely depend on whether or not we accept his bland assurance that Freud has "discovered" a set of final truths about our sexual natures. If we believe, on the contrary, that none of Freud's theories ever has been or ever could be verified by experiment; that he was not so much a scientist as the coiner of new poetical metaphors; that many of his doctrines, when taken literally, are ludicrous in the extreme – if we believe this, then it is impossible not to see Mr. Marcus as one of those ink-im-

pregnated mockers of the little black boy in *Struwwelpeter*. He is as much the victim of his own age, and its fashions, as any of the Victorians whom he examines with such ill-suppressed derision.

Generally speaking, Mr. Marcus is a great one for making bold conjunctions of apparent unlikes: a certain sexual position, for example, is the representation of a certain stage of capitalism. This is a typically Freudian activity, and if we treat it as no more than a mentally satisfying Dance of the Metaphors I dare say it can be greatly enjoyed. But Mr. Marcus makes more of his ingenuities than this. He believes that they are "true," whatever that could mean in such a context.

So that I, for one, enjoyed his book immensely on my barest level and scarcely less on the level of my appetite for a more serious form of new knowledge. But some of the wider conclusions of *The Other Victorians* seem to me to be far less securely grounded than Mr. Marcus imagines. They provoke thought, certainly; but sometimes, too, the kind of amusement which this very amusing writer didn't altogether bargain for.

Javits Comes to the Aid of His Party

by Gerald W. Johnson

Question Number One remains unanswered. This revision, amendment and enlargement of Senator Javits' 1964 handbook on how to construct a viable opposition to the Democratic party is as suave and intelligent as the original and even more persuasive, but it does not penetrate the central mystery. It

Order of Battle:

A Republican's Call to Reason
by Jacob K. Javits
(Pocket Books; 75c)

does not tell us what gives Senator Javits the idea that he is a Republican.

He is at considerable pains to explain why he is not a Democrat, but that doesn't answer the question. A man may prove beyond any reasonable doubt that he is not a Chinaman, but that doesn't prove that he is an Irish-

man. Senator Javits contends with passion that he is in the political line of Hamilton, Clay, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. But Hamilton was a Federalist, Clay was a Whig, Lincoln was a Whig turned Republican, and TR was a Republican turned Bull Moose, and thereafter less Republican than anti-Wilson.

At this moment the Republican party is under the control and management of men of like mind with Barry Goldwater. If Javits is one of them, then assuredly Kelly is a Chinaman. According to the soothsayers, the next Republican candidate will be Nixon, even more warlike than the wobbly Johnson. To those men, the program outlined by Javits is about as appealing as the doctrine of transubstantiation is to Bertrand Russell.

As for the program itself, considered

not as alleged Republicanism but *in vacuo*, it is, with exceptions confined almost entirely to minor details, the program of intelligent men of all parties and none. Essentially it is a determination to look fact—excluding historical fact—in the face and to act accordingly. On history, the Senator is a bit shaky. It was probably a proof-reader's or copy-reader's error that made him attribute to George F. Baker, —a harmless, necessary banker—the egregious folly of George F. Baer, the coal baron who tangled with Theodore Roosevelt. But he must himself bear the responsibility for imputing to Hamilton the invention of mercantilism, a system that, after many generations, was collapsing just when Hamilton was flourishing.

Buchanan, a Democrat, imperilled, and Lincoln, a new-laid Republican, saved the Union. There is no doubt about that. But the difference was the difference between Buchanan and Lincoln, not between the parties. Disunion raised its ugly head not once, but twice. On the first occasion, however, the Democrats had elected a man as President and when he, reaching for a hangman's noose, said, "Our Federal Union: it must be preserved," it was preserved without the firing of a shot. On the second occasion the same party was in power, but it had elected a tub of lard with the result that Lincoln had to come in and save the Union at fearful cost.

For all his determination to be realistic—undoubtedly sincere and highly admirable—Senator Javits is curiously reluctant to face the central fact in the career of his hero, Henry Clay. This is the extreme unwillingness of every political party to elect a first-rate man. Jealousy will not permit it. Clay led the Whig party from 1832 to 1852. They nominated him when he had no chance against Jackson, and again when he had no party, after Tyler. But on each of the two occasions when it was clear that the party had a fair prospect of winning, it nominated, not Clay, but an old poop who ran on his epaulets and nothing else; and to second-guess this dismal pair it put up the venomous Tyler and the vapid Fillmore.

This folly is not Republican, it is partisan. Furthermore, it is logical. If the party elects a superior man, he will

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inevitably run the administration to the infinite discontent of inferior men, who will have no chance to strut in the borrowed plumage of statesmen. Only when a party has been out of power for many years, as the Democrats had been in 1912, will it risk putting up a masterful man, and even then not always. In 1924 anybody could have beaten Coolidge, so the Democrats carefully nominated nobody, alias John W. Davis. They knew that either Smith or McAdoo as President would have pinned back the ears of any nincompoop who might try to take over.

Senator Javits argues brilliantly and convincingly against the existent one-party system. But his policy is not equal to his argument. The country will grievously need a Loyal Opposition in 1968, but the Republicans will give us Nixon (which is to say Johnson plus Goldwater minus candor). Senator Javits' policy of remaking the Republican party into the party of all intelligent men is dulcet in tone, but of dubious practicality. It depends upon his ability to produce the hitherto unknown detergent that will eradicate the leopard's spots.

Christianity's "New Morality"

by William Robert Miller

For barely a decade, the churches have been undergoing a metamorphosis that remains to be fully chronicled and defined. Out of the puffy cocoon of conventional "religious revival" there has begun to emerge a thrust toward real renewal, indirectly perhaps but significantly under the impact of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in England and the civil rights move-

ades there had been a widening gulf between the prim Victorian moral code purveyed by the churches and the pragmatic, makeshift rules that actually governed most people's conduct. Efforts to close this gap go back at least to 1932 and Reinhold Niebuhr's *Moral Man and Immoral Society*, with its vigorous attack on pietism and perfectionism, and its assertion of a consciously pragmatic ethics like that of John Dewey. It was Niebuhr's influence, in fact, that caused so many seminarians to rally to the support of Martin Luther King in the name of "Christian realism."

Situation Ethics
by Joseph Fletcher
(Westminster Press; cloth, \$3.95;
paper, \$1.95)

ment in the United States. The latter, in particular, thrust Martin Luther King and his avowedly Christian movement to the center of a stage that had been vacated as a result of the McCarthy onslaught. A generation of seminary students responded, looking to Dietrich Bonhoeffer's *The Cost of Discipleship* for strength to engage in sit-ins and freedom rides, and going on to ask themselves the same questions about "religion" and "the world" that Bonhoeffer later wrote about in prison. It is certainly no accident that many of the students themselves were prepared for his *Letters and Papers From Prison* by a day or two in a Southern jail.

Meanwhile, the Kinsey reports and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* were knocking down some of the churches' most cherished hypocrisies. For some dec-

Such, very sketchily, is the background of the "new morality." To sum it up, consider Hugh Hefner's "Playboy Philosophy" as a polemical version of the Kinsey Report, addressed specifically to the church as custodian of a brittle and obsolete morality already being questioned from within. The result is a general debate within the churches, with few moralists willing to go to bat for Comstockian prudery. The conservatives in this debate are concerned to find new ways of producing the old results, for instance finding arguments for chastity that today's youth will listen to, and utilizing internal controls of conscience rather than external do's and don't's.

The radicals go farther. They are prepared to accept as morally valid a whole range of formerly proscribed behavior. But what makes theirs a "new

morality" rather than "no morality" is that they are looking for basic criteria by which to guide conduct in the light of some ultimate purpose rather than leaving moral choice to the mercy of whim and caprice.

Joseph Fletcher, in *Situation Ethics*, supports the view that "love is the only norm" for ethical decision-making. Love, not as affection or liking, but in the sense that "God is love," or what Tillich called "ultimate concern." Experience, says Fletcher, provides us with all the principles of right and wrong that we need. The Ten Commandments or any other set of rules help to provide a stable context of moral choice, but these must not be construed as more than general guidelines. Jesus made the point when he said that the Sabbath was made for man, not vice versa; in so doing, he deprived the Fourth Commandment of its force as law. It is man that counts, not the rules; the rules are there only to serve man. When they get in the way, they must be set aside for the higher good, which is summarized in Jesus' twofold—and strikingly unlegalistic—commandment to love God and to love one's neighbor as oneself.

What is "new" about the "new morality" in a Christian perspective is the recognition that "that old-time religion" is ephemeral and recent by comparison with what Jesus was talking about. Underneath the encrustations of dogma and the accretions of pious sentimentality, there is a Jesus who is at least worth taking as seriously as Socrates—which is to say, a secularly relevant Jesus whose notion of agapaic love is the key to equity in law and much more.

What is "situational" about the situation ethics by which the new morality operates is the recognition that decisions cannot be made in the abstract; they arise in a context of circumstances, and this "situational" context not only modifies the application of law but defines the issues that are involved. One thing the churches learned from the struggle for racial equality was that in some situations civil disobedience was preferable to the loveless use of law. Fletcher's book abounds with terse situational vignettes about military and political problems, problems of abortion, artificial insemination,

divorce and unmarried sex, testifying amply to the need for a wisdom higher than the law if true justice is to prevail. Sometimes his examples point to an easy solution, choosing love rather than law or pointing up the absurdities to which a rigid application of law may lead. More often, they show the inherent ambiguity of the situation, where for instance one faces a dilemma of hurting one person to help another, and indecision or inaction might hurt both. Doing the right thing often depends more on presence of mind and adequate knowledge of the facts than on purity of heart. Not surprisingly, Fletcher's doctrine of love comes closer to Bentham and Mill than to Francesco d'Assisi, and he has some pretty harsh words for Tolstoy's myopic perfectionism.

Fletcher lays down four working principles or ground rules as the basis for situation ethics: pragmatism, relativism, positivism and personalism. The third of these is where love comes in, for by "positivism" Fletcher means that we *posit* the proposition "God is love" rather than inferring it from nature. It is an article of faith to be tested in experience. One wonders why Fletcher thought it necessary to take this approach when he might, with Niebuhr, have observed that love is ultimate because anything less represents some degree of unresolved conflict. He does not refer to Niebuhr's view but does cite Bertrand Russell's

offhand remark that "what the world needs is Christian love, or compassion."

This is not quite fair, and it represents one of the book's two major shortcomings. The first is stylistic. The book is jammed to overcrowding with neatly footnoted quotes from secondary and tertiary authors whom Fletcher happens to like, saying things he could just as well have said in his own voice. The preponderant number of these are Anglican or Catholic writers (safety in numbers?). In his concluding chapter, Fletcher asserts that really the only thing unique about Christian ethics is that "we understand love in terms of Jesus Christ." Yet his concluding paragraph is quoted from the *Ethics* of John Dewey and James Tufts. Much of Fletcher's theologizing appears gratuitous, something performed for the benefit of the Christian reader to relate situation ethics to his tradition. To show that situation ethics are not un-Christian is a laudable aim, but in attempting to advance a distinctively Christian situation ethics Fletcher merely assumes a parochial stance. Much of what he says under the heading of "Christian" is also Jewish and, omitting the figure of God, humanistic.

This leads to the second major criticism. In a post-Freudian age, how much sense does it make to keep going back to the linguistics of the Bible? Particularly in the light of Norman O.

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Brown's *Life Against Death* and Love's *Body*, it seems to me no longer fruitful to ponder the delicate distinctions between *agape*, *eros* and *philia*. Furthermore, there is something decidedly mechanistic about using the nominative of love as an absolute norm. Fletcher carefully avoids the aridity of pietism and moralism, but is the flatfootedness of a Benthamite utilitarianism an adequate alternative? This defect comes through most gratingly in Fletcher's discussion of love and justice, which leads him to the preposterous statement: "Love and justice are the same, for justice is love distributed, nothing else." Having said this, he is quick to distinguish between moral and legal justice, but if we were to take him seriously we would have to re-examine his earlier discussion of how love transcends the moral law.

A mode of thought which is ready to regard situations as moments of process rather than simple clusters of events (and Fletcher's viewpoint implies this) would have to deal with *loving* rather than love—or it might ask: How does love *become* justice in a given situation? Ethics is a means of determining conduct, and we recognize today that conduct itself is the province of psychology; hence ethics increasingly has to do with some kind of supervising of motives. For the old morality, the solution was simple—motives be damned; man was simply a moral integer in a transcendental equation. Now we know better, and even what is irrational in man is a factor, not in an equation but in a process.

These criticisms are not meant to torpedo Fletcher's book. At its best it is often as provocative as Eric Berne's

Games People Play, and at a minimum it can be a liberating book, especially for Christians who are still caught up in a Sunday School system of morals which they are too mature to honor in practice but not wise enough to

avoid feeling guilty about. To them, Fletcher presents a grown-up version of Christian ethics which, whatever its shortcomings, can help both Christians and post-Christians to make responsible moral choices.

Their World and Our Money

by Alex Campbell

As an economist, Senator Douglas sincerely believes that "we profit from the prosperity of our neighbors"; but as a politician he holds that we are entitled to retaliate if they seem to be achieving prosperity by cutting into our trade. After studying possible effects of the European Common Market on the US, he proposed raising American tariffs to the Smoot-Hawley level of 1930. This

port America's stand on Cuba and China; Russia is to remain an outcast until Moscow ceases aiding Hanoi, and withdraws troops from East Europe and restores religion there.

But France rather than Russia or China is the real villain in the Senator's book. By its "control of the Bank of Indochina," France, it seems, is aspiring to get hold of all the money this country is spending in Vietnam; already, France is "drawing down our gold" at the rate of \$33-million a month.

There is a world financial and trading problem, and, when not preoccupied with his Charles de Gaulle's head, Senator Douglas is clear and helpful about it. He concedes that the gold France gets from us in fact stays physically in this country, stored by the New York Federal Reserve Bank; and that foreigners' dollars are generally invested in US government bonds and US banks. These are clues he could with advantage have pursued.

Professor Kindleberger and others see the US as conveniencing foreigners by offering them both investment funds and liquid assets. But Mr. Rolfe—and his able co-author, Robert G. Hawkins—suggest that another way of looking at it is that American capital is busy buying ownership of European industry, and is being materially assisted to do so by Europeans holding American IOU's in the form of dollars. Senator Douglas himself points out that direct

America in the Market Place

by Paul Douglas

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; \$7.95)

Europe and the Dollar

by Charles P. Kindleberger

(M.I.T. Press; \$7.50)

Gold and World Power

by Sidney E. Rolfe

(Harper & Row; \$6.95)

The World Money Maze

by Robert Triffin

(Yale; \$12.50)

was not done, but we "retaliated" against their import duties on our frozen chickens by scoring off European potato starch and dextrines, French brandies and German small trucks.

Such undignified absurdities rather spoil the Senator's portrayal of the United States as the unselfish power, constantly concerned with the world's welfare. He himself is condescending toward the un- and less-developed countries, schoolmasterish toward all the others. He advocated a free-trade "free world," centering on the US and including Western Europe, the Near East, South America, Japan and Australia. But France is out if de Gaulle continues provoking us, and woe to other Common Market members that spurn our frozen chickens. The "free-world" nations apparently have to sup-

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Philip Toynbee's newest book is a novel, *Two Brothers*. William Robert Miller's book *The New Christianity* will be published early next year by Delacorte. Leslie Schaffer, MD, is a Washington psychiatrist.

investment by US corporations in foreign branches and affiliates had doubled in 10 years (last year it rose by another billion dollars) and is five times as great as comparable foreign investment in this country. De Gaulle objects to this and also to involuntarily helping to finance the war in Vietnam.

American military spending, foreign aid and travel and investment abroad, all contribute to the US balance-of-payments deficit. But the dollar is now an international currency; if the US wiped out its payments deficit, the result – according to Professor Triffin – might be to plunge the world into a deflationary spiral by removing up to four-fifths of its credit base. On the other hand, just letting things drift may cause a world depression by way of a dollar crisis; the monetary system might collapse as happened in 1931.

The Shape of Madness

by Leslie Schaffer

Mr. John Gale, a wonderfully gifted witness and writer, has made a remarkable memoir of his own madness and of the existence that was the ground of that madness. His writing is distinguished by its economy, the laconic style and conspicuous absence of meretricious decoration contributing to its effect, which is from time to time one of singular beauty.

There is, I am inclined to suspect, at least one rather important sense in which a coherent and reasonable ac-

Clean Young Englishman
by John Gale
(Coward, McCann; \$4)

count (with everything nicely arranged and accounted for) of the essentially incoherent and dreadful nature of madness would be at best absurdly lacking in fidelity to its subject. If the idols are those of reason and order, then their worship is, I suppose, by definition reasonable and orderly. At best then a lie, such a portrayal (like a wholly innocent view of evil) might at worst constitute an excursion into yet another order of madness. Mad

Senator Douglas argues cogently against false remedies like ever-higher interest rates and competitive devaluations. He seems to approve Triffin's and others' solution of a central banking system for the world, in place of current ad hoc currency swaps and pools, which Triffin fears will produce a "thalidomide monster rather than a healthy child." Professor Triffin's non-thalidomide monster of a book (he genially includes a guide to judicious skipping through its 585 pages) makes it clear there is more to be said for de Gaulle (even perhaps for de Gaulle's economic adviser, Dr. Rueff) than Senator Douglas allows. Few issues are likely to fare worse than this one from a "good guys, bad guys" approach; if Senator Douglas doesn't believe it, let him ask Henry H. Fowler, the Secretary of the Treasury, who has been grappling with the problem at The Hague.

conceptions of what, in the curious twilight of those conceptions, become the marvellously irrelevant if not utterly mad facts of madness are probably no more rare in our times than they have been in previous times: neither do they seem to me much different in substance. Partly, perhaps, by virtue of their normally appearing neatly dressed in the currently fashionable and respected uniforms of vocabulary ("thought" is not quite the word I would choose here) the nature of these conceptions tends to be less immediately apparent to the casual glance: ordinarily, these commonplace – even, at times, congenial – elements of the cognitive scene seem to inspire no more than that casual glance. We move quickly on to that which is obviously more interesting and more important. We rarely pay much attention to the ordinary and respectable lunacies – those, that is to say, that by their more or less constant presence actually count in the lives and fortunes of most of us: this inattentiveness may itself represent one of the most ordinary of these madnesses. Very little of this is of our own choosing; most

of it is in some manner inherited without our knowledge either of the presence or the nature of the legacy, and thus without our being aware of its potency, just as those who pass it on to us do so unwittingly, the unwitting aspect of the process a significant attribute of the bequest. Thus Gale writes of his house:

"I like our house: scarcely a piece of furniture, not a picture, carpet or curtain did we choose ourselves; all was given or passed on by relatives; all, or almost all, is incongruous, tasteless, but well used."

The effort of will (or is it perhaps the willing suspension of the imagination?) that I take to be a crucial requirement for the contemplation of the ideal of an entirely reasonable and wholly meaningful portrait of madness, not to speak of human experience generally, seems quite beyond my own admittedly meager resources in that much acclaimed commodity. It is a requirement that provokes the same kind of paralyzing disability that overcomes me if, say, I am invited seriously to consider the proposition that the nature of darkness itself will be more clearly revealed if one simply switches on the light. Gale proposes no such requirement, and this is only one of many ways in which he earns one's gratitude. His self-portrait is illuminated in quite another way: with an almost ruthless honesty, an honesty that necessarily includes fidelity to his experience; with imagination, an imagination that senses its own limits, and with courage. His concern – not a terribly common one in our times – is with what is, with what exists. Writing of illumination, he says:

"The street-lamps of our suburbs

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are strange: flaring orange on tall swan's-necked stalks of concrete. On the way home in the dark I look down on the orange patterns stretching into the wintry bloom, and sometimes I enjoy them; but not always, for this strange light must be doing something to our perception."

He tells of a neighborhood family that went off to complain about the lighting to their local city councillor:

"He thought they were making a fuss about nothing. He said a few words, and then took the family to see his rose garden: he gave the mother a pink rose. It was getting dark. The mother said to the councillor: 'Now come and see what your lamps do to your roses'. She took the councillor under a lamp and held out the pink rose to him: under the orange glare it was a dirty white, veined with black. 'I never knew,' said the councillor. 'I never knew.'"

To imagine—create, if you will, as Gale does here—the character of the largely unimagined life is not, it seems to me, to do violence to the experience of that life: quite the contrary. Violence may be done, and often is done, by the failure to imagine the failure of imagination. The attribution, for example, of highly ingenious defensive maneuvering to a person manifesting a virtually mindless kind of repetitive behavior may, for all its apparent in-

genuity, betray an inability to grasp imaginatively the absence of thought and cunning. Fidelity to experience does not, it seems to me, demand that the writer be boring about boredom, innocent about innocence or even paranoid about paranoia. Gale's creation (and it is far more than the simple re-creation) of the shape, and sometimes the shapelessness, of his apparently most conventional successful life discloses the lack of form at the same time that it now provides form. His part is characterized by a flock of relatively isolated small shapes, some of them astonishingly vivid. His world is one of the virtual absence of dialogue, a world in which it seems that things simply happen, in which his prevailing sense of impotence is thrown into relief by his preoccupation with a variety of magic rituals. There is no growth or development of the several themes, so that the impression is somewhat akin to rather bad music. Experiences seem often to be left hanging, frozen and suspended in time, continuing uselessly to haunt him. The form that is now provided is not wilfully imposed, nor carelessly borrowed from the many readily available. This man has too much respect for his experience to dress it in someone else's inventions, however elegant those inventions might be.

Just as the public aspect of much of Gale's life was highly conventional, so the outer form of his book is that of the ordinary autobiographical narrative. Simply stated, and most misleadingly so, it is the story of a young Englishman, wellborn, who would seem to have flourished at a good public school. If I remember correctly, its alumni are known as "Old Stoics." He subsequently serves as a junior officer in the Coldstream Guards, a regiment of considerable splendor. Declining an invitation to take a regular commission after the end of the Second World War, he turns to writing: while working in Paris as a foreign correspondent for the *London Observer* during the Algerian troubles of the fifties, he begins—at first, almost diffidently—to go mad. Later, while on an assignment in the United States he becomes more grotesquely and vociferously mad. He is finally persuaded to enter a mental

hospital in London, where his lunatic suspicions that he is being drugged are finally and fully realized. His madness, which is of that style ordinarily called paranoid, is in a sense the mad counterpart of his prior existence: both madness and what appeared to be well-being are made of the same material.

Popular conceptions of paranoid disorder notwithstanding, the content of the disorder, as Gale displays it so persuasively, is one of almost comic-book banality. The world of his madness is one of a never-quite-developed malevolence, of suggestions of cosmic meaning, of revelation, and of the hints of grand significance. He suspects, vaguely, that he might be the Messiah. When one of his shoes begins to come apart in Los Angeles, he visits a Negro cobbler. "You've come just in time," says the cobbler. "His words made me believe that I was a Messiah, come just in time to save America." He describes a time when, in the shapelessness of despair, he attempts to will some kind of continuity: "At one time, in search of balance and the good life, not only did I wear the same clothes almost every day, but I also ate the same meal every day, usually in a Polish restaurant in Fleet Street: it was chicken (I think tinned) and apple pie with cream substitute. I thought an unchanging diet might lead to something."

While he is in the hospital, it comes to him that he must make a shape, which he calls "the key of life." He writes an injunction: "*Make it the shape it has to be, the shape that echoes all the senses.*" The first such shape, a literal and concrete shape, was ruined when the kiln in which it was being baked blew up, and he made another. Again, something went wrong with the kiln "and the shape came out a dull black, the frozen incarnation of my devil. I brought the shape home when I left the clinic. It so upset Jill, my wife, that I stuck plaster on parts of its surface, painted the plaster red, and varnished it. The red took some of the forboding from the black shape; and Jill allowed it to stay on my desk, where it lies now, a talisman." The shape that had to be made has, now, I suspect been made into this book. I hope that Mr. Gale will continue to make shapes.

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ART

The British Renaissance

London

A common and roughly accurate measure of cultural vitality is had by relating cultural activity generally to national consciousness and strength, the strength often enough measured in such crude scales as military prowess and geographical conquest. Thus we all learn in school that the flowering of Elizabethan drama coincided with the cohesion of England at home and her sudden emergence as a sea power abroad; that the pitifully brief dominance of the Florentine Republic was long enough to be enhanced by the explosion of Florentine painting that became the center of the Renaissance in Italy; that Venice, likewise, developed its special felicities in oil paint at a time when the city itself was at the peak of its long factoring between East and West; that the 19th-Century-British novel accompanied the global swell of the Empire; that, even, in times more recent, world-wide interest in contemporary American painting came at just the time that the United States became newly a dominant world power.

But there is also a countervailing tendency, strong enough at times to seem to reverse the relationship between power and culture, that seems to emerge from history. Greece had its golden age under Pericles, but there was a later age of Grecian dominance, when the peninsula and the islands were completely crushed by the Romans and when the Romans proceeded to Hellenize themselves in art and language, so much so that eventually what was still called the "Roman Empire" had its capital in Greece and used Greek as the imperial tongue. It may just be that the same thing is happening now to England.

The Empire went glimmering in the wake of victory in 1945, surely one of the most astonishing results of a victorious war in all history. As we have all been recently made aware, the English are in hard times that give promise of getting nothing but worse. By every sign and portent of the last

quarter-century the scepter'd isle is about to sink beneath the turgid waters of Little England and Little England itself is in no great shakes for survival without extreme discomfort. By what we take to be ordinary rules of culture and power, therefore, England should be without artistic influence in the world and without significance in its own arts. Yet how different is the actual scene. London is indeed the "swinging" city, even if that term was made up by John Crosby, the former television critic. The English novel, especially the comic novel on all its levels, is a civilized and classic expression beside the romantic self-advertisement of its American counterparts. The English theatre is a mine for American importer-producers who have yet to see the end of the mother-lode in sight. Far-out fashions arrive daily in New York stores from English sources. Most astonishingly of all, perhaps, for it happened just at the vital juncture between art and finance, for the last couple of years the chief American art market, Parke-Bernet, has been an overseas branch of the English Sotheby's; the other traditional London auction rooms, those of Christie's, have been stimulated by Sotheby's competition, while the American firm simply became absorbed by the growing giant, for all the world as if it were a newspaper. The result is that when an American owner auctions off a major painting or a group of them – and when the odds are it or they will probably be acquired by yet another American buyer – both seller and buyer feel impelled to go to England to consummate the transaction. Thus in art, England goes far beyond the advantageous position of its predecessor Venice, serving not as a middleman between East and West, but as one between America and America. In the same area of art-commerce, the grandest and probably most financially puissant New York gallery in contemporary art is again English, Marlborough-Gerson, branch and presence of the two gal-

leries on opposite sides of Bond Street in the old country. The record there is astonishing. The embassy arrived in New York with its complete line of British and European artists and within short order began having exhibitions of American artists; before long the gallery was, as it remains, one of the great showplaces of New York art; coupled with its prior holdings and representations in English and European, it is in a class by itself and it's British all the way.

We have thus the curious phenomenon of the client nation in the space of two and a half decades coming to dominate the dominators culturally. The case no doubt has been overstated for emphasis; still, there's enough truth in that view of the trans-Atlantic situation to warrant speculation: it may or may not be significant, but it is true that the most original and stimulating of the Pop artists so far has been an American, Ronald Kitaj, who brought his highly complex combination of literary reference and visual structure into being in London and has chiefly exhibited there – where else? – at Marlborough.

The heart of the commercial-art *Drang nach London* or *auf London* would

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seem explainable in terms of those simple old maxims once engraved upon the hearts of American capitalists, including, presumably, those capitalists whose capital has been other people's paintings. In case after case, the Marlborough New York operation owes its successes—stunning in the aggregate—to the same kind of activity that built dime stores and hamburger palaces all across the land: you get business by going after it and by offering something better than the competition. What Marlborough in New York offered New York painters was simply a better deal than they'd been getting from their native dealers: better money availability, a raise of prices all around, more exposure and in some cases, it is thought, even a better percentage of the gross. The gallery recognized a seller's market and played it that way, just as movie producers for some years have been doing with that handful of top stars who write their own tickets. There is no money problem; it all gets paid for at the box-office.

The auction situation was much the same way. Parke-Bernet for several decades had been without serious competition in America and it behaved in exactly the way the textbooks tell us monopolies do behave. American sellers found that the charges were less in England than in America, that plates in catalogues could be procured without undue investment and that action was where London was.

Some such strain runs through a lot of English ascendancy in the arts: one reason, for many visitors the most important, that the English theatre is so much better than the American is that you can get tickets without mortgaging your house. The British equivalent of the American beatniks at least in the popular press—the far-out dressers, those for whom the miniskirt was invented and all that—those people are young workers: they are spending money they earned themselves at regu-

lar jobs for their bizarre finery. This contrasts with the American beatnik who tends to be a grifter of some kind or an out and out remittance man.

When you add it up, the cultural strength of the nation of shopkeepers derives in great part from shopkeeperly behavior in the arts as elsewhere.

FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

Stoned on Methadone

Sirs:

Lewis Yablonsky's article "Stoned on Methadone" (August 13) contains such gross inaccuracies that in the name of scientific truth it cannot be left unanswered. I do not mean to imply that Mr. Yablonsky has not accurately quoted his sources, the Directors and residents at Synanon, nor do I mean to imply that personal opinions about the Dole-Nyswander methadone rehabilitation program should not have a public forum. However it was Mr. Yablonsky's responsibility to verify those statements that were not personal opinions, but purported to be facts. This obviously was not done, and because of this a wide audience has been led to believe a number of things about the Dole-Nyswander program that are totally erroneous. For example, the patient "Tony" states, "So, I went down and they put me on the program the same day . . . and I didn't even have a habit. . . ." He goes on to describe more of his experience and his eventual disillusionment and withdrawal from what the reader is led to believe is the Dole-Nyswander methadone program. Thus "Tony's" experience is presented as a typical illustration of the outcome of treatment with methadone.

I was so struck by the similarity between "Tony's" history, as given in the Yablonsky article, and that of a patient named Tony whom I had treated, that I returned to my records and found that I did indeed treat a patient named Tony in the spring of 1966. His prior history matched that given by the Tony quoted by Mr. Yablonsky. I then contacted Drs. Dole

and Nyswander and asked them if they knew of any patient that had started treatment on their program in January and discontinued in May or June of the same year. There was no such patient. This leads me to conclude that the Tony I treated and the one quoted by Mr. Yablonsky are one and the same. Thus, since my research was entirely independent of the Dole-Nyswander project, "Tony" is in no position to describe or give an adverse opinion about that program, since he was never a part of it. Furthermore, his description of his course of treatment during the period I saw him was grossly distorted. Professional ethics do not permit me to reveal problems which led to his discharge from treatment, but I do not think it is a breach of ethics to reveal that the Tony I saw did not begin treatment until March 10 and was last seen on May 27, a period of 10 weeks, not 6 months.

Furthermore, he was not formally on any methadone maintenance program even during this period. At the time, we were studying the effects of providing daily doses of methadone on the use of heroin by ambulatory patients awaiting hospitalization. For such patients the dose of methadone varied 10 mg or so. However, we have never given such a patient more than is used at the USPHS Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, or any other detoxification service. It would have been very easy for the author to check these medical facts, if indeed, his article was intended as a responsible, illuminating discourse on other treatment methods of drug addiction.

I appreciate the use of first names that the author used to protect the Synanon residents and wonder why he did not do this for the young man, described as being "like a mummy" on methadone, who, according to his Parole Officer and Union Hiring Hall, was out working and regularly contributing to his family's support.

Certainly no single approach including that of Synanon claims that 100 percent of those individuals who start treatment will be totally rehabilitated. However, this to me is not a reason to condemn the entire Synanon movement. Instead, I feel that Synanon is deserving of much wider support than it now has in view of the remarkable

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character changes it is able to produce in those who do stay long enough. It is, also, unrealistic to expect the Methadone Maintenance Research Program (or any program) to be successful with every individual.

I am certain that if Mr. Yablonsky had tried, he would have been able to find a disgruntled patient who had been discharged from the Dole-Nyswander program and who might have been able to supply him with an adverse opinion of that program based on direct experience. But, it is obvious from the tenor of this article and from his conclusions that no one Mr. Yablonsky has interviewed has had any direct experience with the Dole-Nyswander program. As a result, the article sheds light on neither the methadone maintenance program nor on the fine activities of Synanon in a period where support of both approaches is needed to handle a massive public health program.

Jerome H. Jaffe, MD
Albert Einstein College
of Medicine
New York, N.Y.

When I was working as a staff psychiatrist at the federal narcotics hospital in Fort Worth, Texas, about five years ago, I came to California to visit the Synanon House in Santa Monica. I was struck by its hopeful possibilities for many addicts and, in an article on addiction published in the Autumn 1964 issue of the *Yale Review*, I wrote very favorably about it. I still think highly of Synanon and am glad of its current popularity. However, it must be understood that Synanon appeals only to certain kinds of addicts, especially the middle-class, white, and intellectually oriented (although other types may also be found there). The population at Santa Monica and Fort Worth are so different, in racial composition, social background, education, and—most importantly—motivation for psychotherapeutic personality change, that to argue Synanon as a universal treatment for drug addiction is to talk nonsense.

Yet this is what Yablonsky really does in his critique of the methadone program. He quotes a few of the Synanon leaders, people who, it must be frankly pointed out, are off drugs

but not "off Synanon," i.e., they don't live outside the protected confines of the Synanon milieu. He quotes "a young man named Tony," who unfortunately didn't take to the methadone treatment program. This chap had been in Synanon exactly one day when the interview was made. What will his future be? Will Synanon cure him? Let's wait and see; the statistics are not encouraging, especially if a "Synanon-free" cure is hoped for.

Meanwhile, let's not attempt to block one of the few promising attempts to rehabilitate drug addicts. Admittedly, being on methadone is not as desirable as being drug-free. But we must face the fact—systematically ignored by "drug experts" for the past fifty years—that there are thousands of addicts in this country who cannot ever live a drug-free life. . . . We should think of methadone for addicts in the way we do of insulin for diabetics. Not optimally desirable, admittedly, but better than what we have had. And Synanon is of value, too—but only for a minority of addicts, a far fewer number than stand to benefit from the potentialities of methadone.

Martin Hoffman, MD
Visiting Lecturer in Criminology
University of California, Berkeley

New England Demonstration

Sirs:

My family and I moved recently to a small town (10-15,000) in New England. This month there was a demonstration against the present conduct of the war in Vietnam. Twenty or thirty people—young couples, middle-aged couples, single women, teenagers—stood silently in front of the post office with signs: "Bread Not Bombs," "Free Elections Not Military Dictatorship," "Life Not Death." After an hour, and two raw eggs thrown at my daughters—aged two and a half and ten months—I took the children home. My wife stayed for the rally.

The electric power promised for the microphone was never turned on. An emergency line from a nearby church was cut, five times. An elderly lady minister who had been to Vietnam was hooted down by chants of "Red! Red! Red!" A town clergyman who asked the

audience to listen was asked how he could call himself a Christian. Car horns and motorcycle engines drowned out other speakers.

One heckler in fatigues accepted the offer of the platform to describe his encounter in Vietnam with "a bunch of foreigners who'd as soon slit your throat as sell you a suit on Main Street." He thought we'd better kill them all. An old woman in the crowd hoped the Hell's Angels would come to town and "mop up" those beatniks; she said she'd stay to watch.

Ordinary men and women in the cradle of the Town Meeting. But propaganda and fear and perhaps something else have loosed ugliness and hate in them. And our response was an equally brutalized one, to turn on the mob with fury and insults: this was our first demonstration. But with us were some people who were unalarmed; veterans of Mississippi, of Harlem, a breed of wry, patient people.

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1) Truman Capote has paid up! Kenneth Tynan had written that "a prominent Manhattan lawyer" had given him the following opinion: "I would doubt whether 'In Cold Blood' would have been released prior to the decease of the accused." Mr. Capote said he would pay \$500 to a prisoners' aid society if Mr. Tynan could prove he had such an opinion. Mr. Tynan proved it—and Mr. Capote has now sent through his personal check.

2) A. E. Hotchner, page nine, "Papa Hemingway": "Later on I augmented [my notes] with conversations recorded on pocket-tape transistors that we carried when we traveled." A. E. Hotchner, on ETV in July: "There is nothing in the book that came from a tape recording."

3) President Kennedy was shot from a manhole in a Dallas street. The sniper's nest was in a *papier-mache* tree imported into Texas for the purpose of killing Kennedy. Large sums of money are being spent to prove . . .

4) Henry Roth, author of "Call It Sleep," is trying to write a new book, his second. "I'm sixty now, you know. I'm past the prime for a writer. I don't plan to write another book if I don't write this one."

5) Marshall McLuhan's new book, co-authored with Quentin Fiore, is "The Medium is the Massage"—yes, "the Massage." They write: "Unhappily, well-intentioned political reform programs that aim at the alleviation of suffering caused by unemployment betray an ignorance of the true nature of media."

6) Well, they accused William Epton of criminal anarchy and we are to believe that communists incited the riots. But if someone would say that General Motors, Clairol, Ban, for instance, are the *real* culprits, is anyone ready to charge all those Chairmen of the Board with inciting to riot with their television commercials?

7) I asked her why she was riding with Quincy and she told me that he had been trying to mess with her. She said . . .

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